

Good Morning

\$92

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

The Mail Brings Load of Pets

FOR C.P.O. ALBERT JAMES REEVE, STOKER LES HALLIDAY,
A.B./STO. DERRICK WATERMAN, P.O. BILL BARTON, A.B. WALTER
SAVAGE, AND A.B. PHILIP ANDREW COLLINS

WE'VE brought you a load of pets this time, and we don't mean only the human ones. We've got an idea that one of the links with Home is more than Human; it may be canine or it may be cat, but it is all part of the link.

That rascal of a Voltaire, who said that the more he saw of men the more he liked his dog, was trying to be smart, for the truth is that the more one sees of dogs and cats the more one likes humans who care for them! Who in heck bothers about sour old Voltaire, anyway?

Besides, is there a better name a Daddy can call a youngster of his very own than a Pet? Or is there a better name anybody can call anybody else who has one's affection, junior or not so junior? All right, we'll call a few witnesses while the rest of you submariners stand by and listen—and applaud, for you will applaud.

First witness is C.P.O. ALBERT JAMES REEVE, of 78 Elm Road, New Malden, Surrey.

We are not asking you, A. J. R., to give evidence. We are giving it to you. For when "Good Morning" called at your home your Mother opened the door and said happily, "Come in!" And then she called out to somebody within, "The submarine paper man's here!"

And that was right. We found two Renes indoors—your own wife and Ray's Rene, who had with her young Peter, a fine boy for his age.

But look at your own Rene, and Elaine, your own baby, in this picture. There's evidence for you!

We were told that Elaine "is as noisy as her Dad." Oh, more than that, she has developed the family liking for celery! She nibbles at a stalk (even if she hadn't teeth when we called) with a look of supreme content on her face.

When the Christmas puds were being made, your wife had a stir, and you don't need three guesses to know what she wished.

Marjorie's Len was hoping to get back from France and take your advice to get married. Grace was steadily straightening up her house after the Doodles, and Albert is unusually fit. Lou, Leading A.C.W., is going strong in the W.A.A.F., and Gill feels top of the world. And that about covers the situation, and everybody sends the usual demonstration of good wishes.

And now for other kinds of pets.

This is for you, STOKER LES HALLIDAY, of 36 Rocket Way, Newcastle.

"Quins!" we repeated, and dashed, full of hope, into your home.

We saw the quins all right, but somehow your wife had forgotten to tell us that they were the five pups we nearly

fell over. Take a peek at the back page and see them for yourself.

They are the finest set of pet babies ever. Your own particular baby was chosen for you by Jonesy, your wife (yes, we even got hold of her nickname), and she has christened this one Butch. He seems to know it, too, for he goes around with a rakish air and a rolling gait, which no doubt comes of being a sailor's dog. Somehow he looks (so says your wife) as if he wishes you home again.

But he isn't the only one. They all miss you, and "Jonesy" says she waits every morning for your letters. In fact, she goes down and waits in the passage and catches them as they drop through the letter-box, so it is up to you to keep up the habit of writing every day.

We were lucky enough to meet your sister-in-law, Megan, on leave from the Land Army. Farm life certainly seems to agree with her. Can you guess what she has done when you have been absent? She has got herself engaged to a lad in a munitions factory. He is named Ronald Heppel; and he shows good taste in his choice, of course.

Your old pals, Sissy and Albert, are looked after by your wife, and Albert says he wants you home so's he can have another tot of rum. He hasn't had one since you were ashore. With a wave of the hand they all signal to you, and "Here's Health!"

Now, pipe up A.B. STO. DERRICK WATERMAN, of 47 Brandford Road, Wandsworth, S.W.

There are two pets—besides the human ones—who are thinking of you. What do you think of this snap of Tiger? Look on the back page and find something else there to interest you.



"This is me," says Tiger.

Your Mother (see back page with Nigger and Tiger) told us to tell you she received your ring from Ruby and dropped her a line in reply. Sorry to say that the ring that Albert's friend wanted to sell was much too small, but she suggests that with your birthday money and Christmas money you will be able to buy a nice one when you return home.

So far, your extra allotment has not come through, but it's only a question of time, we suppose.

Bessie sends her best wishes and hopes to see you home as soon as possible.

Pop left his tobacco pouch with a couple of ounces of "Skipper" in it at the East Hill Hotel. It took your Mother a fortnight to find out who had found it and get it back—and he promptly lost it again at the same place with three ounces in it this time.

Everyone at home is bright and breezy, and they all send their love.



Two minds with a single thought—for C.P.O. Albert James Reeve.

P.O. BILL BARTON, of 37 Balmoral Drive, Churchtown, Southport, you are a lucky man!

Just look at who's waiting to greet you, lying here in her cot.

You haven't met your pet baby daughter, Sandra Anne, yet, so we took a picture of her as she was aged two months. On the back page you'll meet her again with your wife.



We hear from your Mother that you, on a submarine, don't write very often when you are away.

Don't forget to drop her a line occasionally in between knocking back a pint or two.

Believe us, it will be very much appreciated.

So best of luck for now on. And finally, but not least, it is the turn of A.B. WALTER SAVAGE, of 103 Alexander Road, Addiscombe. Turn from this page to the back and see what you see, cat and all.

We found your Auntie at home. She says your Mum is quite all right, and Auntie Lal was going up to see her.

Auntie says what about a few more letters, or do you only find time for your girl friends? She says, further, that the phone is quite dead when you go away.

The piano also is waiting for you to come back and start to tickle the keys; and what about girl. She's had oceans of gifts. All that jewellery you wrote about—when do we see some? And those snaps?

Jim writes to say that the Cornhill job is in the bag as soon as the war is over. Jean has been to Exeter and is home again now, and is expecting another baby in April. Nunc Jim is still going strong at fishing, and brought home some nice bream and dace.

Auntie Kate was in Exeter for nine weeks, and Nunc Walter was here, and he bottled about 100 bottles of fruit and about 20-30lbs. of jam in his own home.

And they all wish you the best.

Well, there's the evidence about Pets—and the verdict is unanimous—a good lot of Links with Home!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Trout are not so Shy

ANY angler knows that some fish are shy and others are bold. Generally, the shyness of fish, and particularly trout, is put down to the fish becoming educated.

The river has been fished for a hundred years, the angler argues, and the fish have "become wise," distrusting the slightest movement on the bank or any fly floating on the water.

The matter is not quite so simple. A fish that is caught and returned or pricked and gets away probably becomes more wary. But it is quite unable to transmit this wariness to its offspring, since it is an acquired characteristic. The trout that hatch from its eggs are as innocent of the wiles of man as its parent was as a fingerling. The shyness of trout in some streams compared with others cannot, therefore, be explained by education through generations.

It can be explained by natural selection. In fact, what naturally bolder than others. They are caught, and if returned, probably caught again. At the end of a period it is only the shy trout that remain—if they are caught and returned, they are not caught again. These trout interbreed and in the next generation the proportion of shy as distinct from bold trout is greater.

Home Town Talk

CITIES and towns have often "adopted" namesake ships, but the initiative in a scheme to establish closer relations between the famous liner "Winchester Castle" and the historic city of Winchester has come from the ship.

Members of the crew of the "Winchester Castle"—one of the best-known units of the Union Castle fleet—recently wrote to the Mayor of Winchester suggesting that they would be glad of an opportunity to become more closely identified with the city.

The process of selection continues through several generations until the average trout in the stream is as shy as the shyest was originally. The trout become "bad risers."

The difficulty is overcome by the owners of streams continually introducing new blood from streams which have not been over-fished. They interbreed with the over-fished trout and all is well again for a period.

Incidentally, of course, the "shyness" of the trout is sometimes due to the inexperienced angler, who does not realise that fish are at least as sensitive to sound as to sight and alarmed by the vibration of footfalls on the bank.

T. S. Douglas

The suggestion was accompanied by a cheque for £100 towards the establishment of a "Winchester Castle" cot at the Royal Hampshire County Hospital at Winchester, and an intimation that it was hoped to send a similar sum to complete the endowment of the cot.

Citizens of Winchester have responded to the generosity of the ship's company by sending them books and comforts, and it is probable that the association between the city and the ship will grow.

Perhaps, when the "Winchester Castle" returns to her peace-time home port of Southampton as a passenger liner, citizens of Winchester will pay her organised visits to cement the relationship so happily begun.

SUSAN STARTED EARLY.

THE query, "Who is the youngest member of a War Savings group in Southampton?" produced a flood of claims from the proud parents of babies, some of whom were days—and even hours—old.

But none of them was able to beat the record of little Susan Barrett, first-born of Corporal Frank Barrett, of the Royal Marines, and his wife, of Leicester Road, Southampton, who became a member of a Savings group on the day she was born—July 30, 1943.

Her parents had been buying Savings certificates for her

since the previous January—more than six months before her arrival.

CYCLE THEFTS ARRESTED!

A SOUTHAMPTON police officer has at last found a use for his handcuffs, which he has never yet had to use on any of the many prisoners he has arrested.

Three times in a few months he has had his bicycle stolen. Twice it was recovered, but the third time he was not so lucky.

He is taking no chances with this new machine. Whenever he has to leave it anywhere he slips a handcuff on the back wheel!

STORY OF THE FLOOD.

THE worst floods for fifty years marooned the church of St. Mary, at Plympton, when the vicar and sidesmen had to wade through two feet of water to reach the building, in some part of the churchyard the water covered the tombstones.

Inside the church the vicar found hassocks floating in nearly a foot of water, which covered the floor in the nave. Muddy sediment ruined mats and carpets.

On the following Sunday the church was still flooded and the vicar (the Rev. J. C. Mitchell) accepted an offer from local Congregationalists to hold Evensong in the chapel.

Sandra, your wife says, has already saved up the money for the pint for you, Bill, so it's up to you now. And you have got to make it before Sandra goes into the Wrens!

From what we heard, your pet daughter is a very lucky girl. She's had oceans of gifts. She was having a special little treat at Christmas, but all at home are waiting until you come before a real celebration takes place.

We're signalling now to A.B. PHILIP ANDREW COLLINS, of 70 Minford Gardens, Hammersmith, W. Here is your pet looking towards you, just as if you were coming in at the door. There's a pet for you!



"I'm waiting for you," says the pup!

On the back page you'll see the dog again, with your Mother, who said to us:

"Tell him," said she (meaning you), "I am keeping fit and getting regular news from all the boys overseas, except Tom in the Essex Regt., in West Africa."

"Peter is on a destroyer, Tony on A.A. guns, Bill and Charlie are in Brussels; and

Something Different in Filters

DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

WHEN discussing colour filters it was shown that photographs could often be improved by restricting light of one or more colours, or even by allowing only one colour to reach the film. This week I should like to mention the uses of two rather special light screens, namely, infra-red and polarisation filters.

Neither of these screens is difficult to use and their capabilities make them worthy of a little trouble in mastering their technique. So let's investigate infra-red first.

"Infra" means "below," so we can see straight away that infra-red is merely the next colour down the spectrum to red; just as orange is next to red up the scale. Orange is brighter than red and red is brighter than infra-red; in fact, infra-red is so dark that it cannot be seen by the human eye.

The characteristics of infra-red are admirably illustrated by the "flat-iron experiment." An ordinary flat-iron is heated until it is red hot, whereon it is placed in a completely darkened room. As soon as all visible signs of redness have vanished a photograph is taken, using a special infra-red film. By this means a picture can be taken in a room which appears to be completely dark, though, in the case of the flat-iron, exposure will be fairly lengthy.

In actual practice we have two methods of ensuring that only infra-red rays reach the emulsion, and both make use of the fact that light sources such as the sun and tungsten give off a usable proportion of infra-red. Firstly, we may filter the light so that only infra-red light reaches the subject from whence it is reflected into the lens, or, secondly, we may screen the lens so that, although white light is flooding the subject, only the infra-red rays pass through the lens to the film. The results are identical technically, but screening the light is the method to use if the picture is to be taken "in the dark," whilst a lens filter is used for outdoor pictures.

Films and plates for this kind of work are marketed by all leading photographic firms and cost little more than the usual type. They are comparatively slow, so a tripod is a useful accessory.

Infra-red is renowned for its use in "stunt shots" in cinemas and theatres at night and also for its many scientific applications, but it has many uses in general photography.

As a means of "cutting" haze these films and filters give amazing results, and aerial views covering thousands of square miles may be recorded with detail unknown when using ordinary film in such circumstances. The amateur rarely brings such ambitious shots into his scope, but the elimination of mist in distant views of cities is often most useful.

In straightforward landscapes infra-red will produce very fine cloud effects, but its use is somewhat restricted because of its peculiarity in recording grass and green foliage as being unnaturally light in colour.

The darkening of blue sky by infra-red can be made use of when taking "moonlight" pictures by daylight. As a point of interest, very few moonlight scenes are taken between sundown and sunrise, and the photographer usually resorts to under-exposure and overprinting.

The one real snag in using

Where the Pavements End

MARSON MARTIN'S COUNTRY CALENDAR

FOR weeks it had kept on. Driving rain seemed to have been an ever-present background to our activities for longer than any of us could remember. It was raining when Felix wanted to cut the barley; it was raining when the time came to pull the mangolds; it was still raining now Joe Christmas had started muck-spreading in the Plack.

Rain was slopping in the furrows of the ploughed land. Rain was streaming down Deep Lane, cutting its own new and unaccustomed channels and washing away still more of the sandy soil from the roots of the tall elms. Rain was spreading the lakes which already were threatening the pale green shoots of wheat in the field below the churchyard wall, and, most important of all, rain was running down Joe's neck.

Joe had plenty to think about as he journeyed back and forth from the swimming farmyard to the Plack. There was this business of the old man. He had been "missing" now for two days. All the village knew the story. Old Joe had been "on the club" with lumbago for over a month, and very bad he felt about it all. He hadn't been outside the cottage once. Nurse called nearly every day. And then, morning before last, he disappeared. As far as young Joe could piece events together, his father had got up at about four-thirty, his usual time when going to work, but an unheard-of hour now he was off sick, and, putting on his best blacks, had left his cottage and had not been seen or heard of since.

How the tongues wagged when the news had spread! What a spate of theories, advanced and rejected! That silly young woman staying up at the "Horseshoes" had even been heard to say that they would never see him again, alive.

But Joe wasn't worrying. He knew his father was all right. How, didn't matter. He KNEW it. Like as not he would find the old man



back when he called round after he'd finished for the day. Why couldn't folk just learn to mind their own affairs, like he did? It wasn't as though this was the first time his father had gone off in this way. Didn't people understand that there are times in a man's life when he wants to get away to do a bit of thinking? That was it, the old man must have been fretting about things and had decided that a good dose of his

own company was the best medicine for how he was feeling.

Which proved to be precisely what had happened. They say it's a wise child that knows its own parent, and it's a wise son that knows what his father is thinking. And all of us who knew him had never doubted Joe's wisdom. As for that silly woman at the "Horseshoes"—it's our opinion that she never even knew who her father was!

"SCREWSMEN" HAVE PET NAMES

EVERY profession has its peculiar slang, but none so varied or distinctive as that of the criminal. The real-life outlaws speak a lingo that is Greek to law-abiding citizens like you and me!

Gangster movies have made us familiar with "stool pigeons," "fences," and that vile breed of police informer known as the "nose." But there is precious little else that the average person can pick out of a crook's strange dialect.

His greatly feared enemy is the "bogie" or "flatty," otherwise the policeman in uniform. But he is even more terrified of the detective who is known as a "split" or a "busy." He dreads being taken to the "nick" (police station) and hearing a "mounting," a recital of his previous convictions in court.

If he is a "star man" (first conviction) he is lucky; otherwise it may mean twelve "moons" (months), or even a "three stretch" (three years in gaol).

A "three-letter" man has been to penal servitude for three years, and will certainly be sent to the "Moor."

Each side of the underworld has its peculiar nomenclature. The burglar or "screwman" may "case a joint" while the victims are at home. This activity is known as being "at the creep." Perhaps he prefers "topping" (breaking in through a skylight), or "kirk-ing" (entering premises while the people are at church).

Other specialists go in for "van dragging," and war-time

lorry-drivers know what a pest this can be!

Forgers mainly operate on "kites," or cheques. They are very smart at "taking the stripes out of a kite," in other words, removing the crossing from a stolen cheque by means of acid.

"Whizzers," or pickpockets, have a dialect section all to themselves.

Be careful when you are leaving a bank after cashing a cheque, because "whizzers" may be "working the jug"; or perhaps they are after your "red kettle" (gold watch) or chain ("tackle"). Some whizzers are so expert that they can snatch your chain right off without you being any the wiser. This delicate operation is known as "blagging." In no time at all your "kettle and tackle" will be "mosked" or pawned!

Screwmen have their pet names for their booty. To them, furs are "pussies," jewels are "ice" or "red stuff," and silk passes as "squeeze." They know all about "monkeys"—padlocks to you and me.

Con. men or "lumberers" usually work through a "decoy captain," who dangles the carrot in front of the donkey.

Con. men are invariably "mushed up" (immaculately dressed), and their favourite stunt is "at the brass," a phoney betting system that looks marvellous to the dupe.

"Broadsmen" or card-sharps perform mostly in "spielers," but when they work on liners they are called "deep sea fishermen."

Any crook will show interest if you mention a

Dirty Work by the Bathroom Ghost

Recorded by Barney Bedford

I'VE only got one eye, but it has roved over a few murderers since I began my newspaper career—and I've listened (sometimes for days on end) to some grim stories of murder and the events that led up to their commission.

You submariners have been reading in past issues of "Good Morning" some magnificent stories by Stuart Martin about crooks and their evil ways. This is Barney Bedford bringing you one of the strangest murder stories of all time.

I didn't find it in the sombre precincts of a High Court, either. I found it in the old records of Harlow Hall, one of Northumberland's fine ancestral homes—and I read the grim story by the side of the fire in the world's biggest kitchen.

You go back into history a long way before you catch up with Long Lonkin. He was around in 1614—and did the neighbours know it!

In particular, Lonkin angered Long Will of Welton. Now, Long Will was a bit of a celebrity, too. He and Lonkin were the tallest men in the county, but whereas Lonkin never did a decent day's work in his life, Welton was an industrious worker and made his castle at Harlow Hall noted for its splendour and taste.

Maybe it was business, but something lured Will away to the capital and caused him to leave behind his wife and their newly born son.

Before he left, Will gave strict instructions that his wife and the child were to be well protected; and as he had been having a bit of trouble with Scots who kept organising raiding forays across the Border, he had built himself a stone tower as a safeguard.

He figured that if the missus and the baby were housed in there, no harm would come to them while he was away. So, after provisioning the old keep ("wyth muche goodes," says the old record), Will went on his way, leaving his dearly beloved in the care of a wench by the name of Orange.

HE SWIPE ORANGE.

Now, Orange was a careless sort of dame. The most important job she had to do was to secure the six windows of the keep every night.

She made the greatest mistake of her life when she forgot to cache the lot one night. Five she fastened, one she left unbolted.

Long Lonkin soon found the Achilles Heel. Like a snake, he swarmed over the sill—or whatever it was they called

"groin" (ring) or "jargoons" (pure-cut diamonds), but he is liable to shy if you hand him "snide" (counterfeit money).

Crooks who are "on the floor" and short of cash are not averse from "dancing the stairs," a quick job of office- or flat-breaking. To these gentlemen "drumming" has no connection with an orchestra; it means ringing to see if the occupants are at home!

Many a "nose" or "nark" has been "slashed," and the underworld never forgives anyone who is "at the twist" (double-crossing) or "does a flit," that is, runs away with a partner's share.

The great tragedy is being "knocked off" and put in "stir." Once the crook is wearing the "mittens," or handcuffs, a new world of slang opens up before him.

He has to obey "screws" (warders), and learns to treasure his "snout" or allowance of tobacco. The greatest happiness is getting a "stiff," or a letter from outside.

When he has done his "journey" in "stir" he is a free man. He can then go back to the world of whizzers, screwmen and lumberers or start afresh among people who talk plain English!

STAN JACKSON.

the darn thing in those days—and his eyes lit on Orange, rocking the babe in a cradle by the fire. The mistress of the house was some place else.

Like a true villain, Lonkin catfooted across the room, clouted Orange under the ear with a good stout stick. It's too good a phrase to pass up, so I'll use it—she fell like a log.

How to lure the mother without waking up the menials was the next problem, but Lonkin soon solved it.

He caught up the baby and pinched it good and proper. Alarmed by the baby's cries, the mother hurried into the room, only to be confronted by her husband's bitterest enemy.

The guys that wrote the account of Long Lonkin and his foul deeds simply record that he (I won't use the old spelling because my typewriter isn't fitted up for that sort of thing) "split her with his staff, and dragged her by the hair to a bottomless pool, where he threw her in."

Lonkin then ransacked the keep and Harlow Hall, and beat it.

Will must have been pretty sore when he returned from Town, because he hunted Lonkin until his death, but never tagged on somehow.

A BATHROOM GHOST.

Anyway, you can drop in at Harlow Hall when you're next on leave, and see the old keep, still weathering the blasts that blow across the Tyne Valley as well as it did in Lonkin's day.

And rosy-cheeked Mrs. Byerley—her husband's family have lived there for 100 years now—will show you Will Welton's initials carved in stone over the door, and will take you up to the room where the murder was committed.

The Byerleys have turned part of it into a bathroom—despite the fact that Mrs. Welton's ghost is supposed to walk there every year.

"I've bathed at all hours of the night, but have never heard anything unusual," Mrs. Byerley told me.

Maybe not... but I'd need more than a smile to clothe me if I was in the bath on the anniversary of Long Lonkin's dirty work. Yes, SIR!

About the Flame

WHY does a flame have a fatal attraction for a moth? Everyone has seen a moth enter a room, fly to the candle, and then go round and round until it is fatally singed and falls dead. The poets have assumed that the flame attracts the moth.

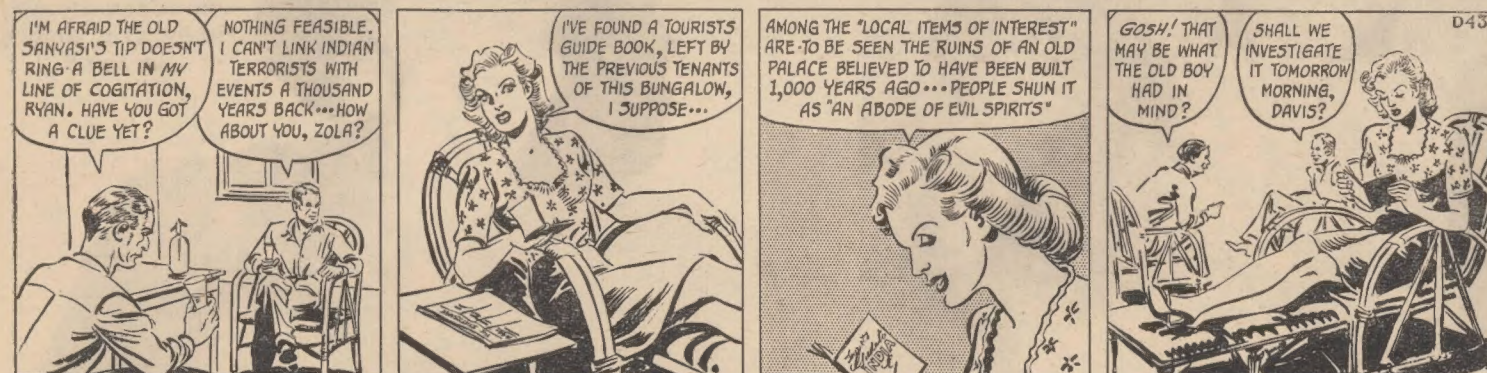
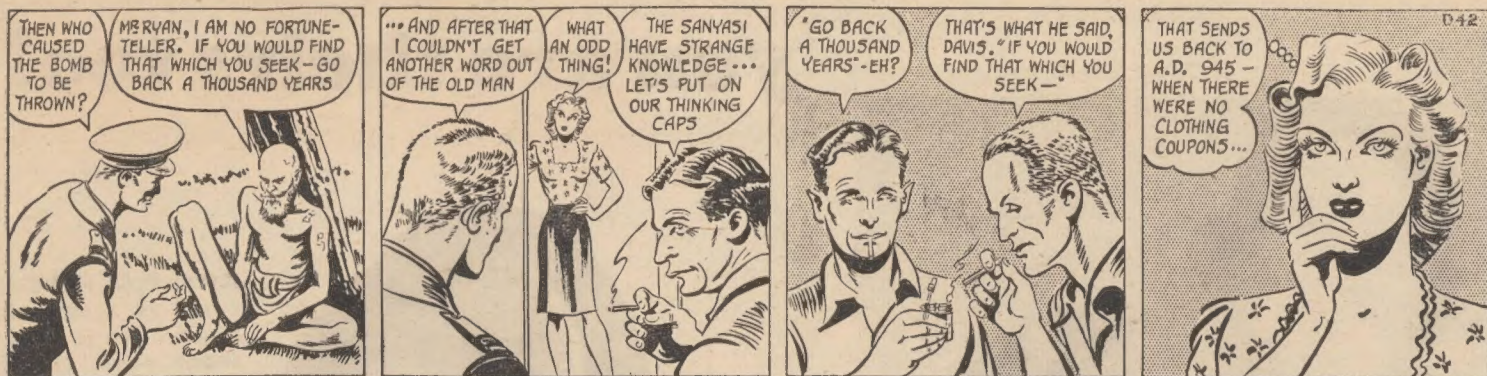
What actually happens is that as a moth approaches the flame, more light enters one of its eyes than the other. A complex series of chemical actions result, and the muscles on one side of the moth are relaxed. This turns it in a curve. The curve in turn results in the difference in the amount of light entering each eye increasing, and further relaxation of the muscles exaggerates the curve.

The process continues until the moth is flying in a circle, not attracted by the flame, but automatically guided by it, much as an aircraft might be guided by a wireless beam.

All insects are affected in this way. In experiments the covering of one eye of an insect has resulted in it always walking or flying in a curve instead of a straight line—no light enters the covered eye.

Possibly this automatic relaxation of the muscles in response to differences in the intensity of light entering each eye is a mechanism developed to prevent the insect flying into obstructions.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE Americans are never at a loss to find some occasion for a new commemorative stamp, which no doubt finds favour among their own collectors who are concerned principally with U.S. issues, even if the rest of the philatelic world finds the unending sequences somewhat oppressive. We have had from that country a long series honouring the Nazi-occupied countries—the Japanese conquered territory of Korea being a further addition—and a set marking the progress of communications by land, sea and telegraph.

Now the U.S. has issued a special 3c. stamp for domestic postage marking the 50th anniversary of the introduction of motion pictures.

Now, if we ask whether this stamp met any real postal need, the answer is unquestionably No.

In the first place, upwards of seven million stamps are sold by post offices in the United States every day, and the printing of this cinema stamp was no more than 20 million. First-day sales were made, fittingly enough, from Hollywood, and so great was the rush that local post offices were sold out on the first day. The rest of the 20 millions were on order from dealers in the country and abroad.

So here we have a stamp of rarity value which never reached more than a small fraction of the stamp-using community. The design is poor. It shows a group of G.I.s enjoying a screen show given by a mobile cinema unit in the jungle. The colour of the stamp is purple.

The next special 3c. stamp to come from the U.S. Post Office will be dedicated to "blood donors" who have aided the war effort.

If the British Post Office joined in this philatelic racket, what a spate of stamps illustrating our achievements might be foisted upon collectors!

Among other recent issues are two stamps of 60 rupees and 3 roubles from Russia celebrating the "Day of the United Nations" on June 14, 1944.

The design contains the flags of Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union, in an oval frame, surrounded by those of the Allied Nations in shadowy outline. The spate of Russian commemoratives or propaganda stamps continues unabated, and quite a number are reaching this country in mint condition.

Zanzibar has issued a set of stamps to commemorate the bi-centenary of the Al Bu'said dynasty, which for 200 years provided the sultanates of Zanzibar and Muscat. The founder of the dynasty, Ahmed bin Said, became Imam of Oman in 1744, following his defeat of the Persians who had invaded Southern Arabia. The present Sultan is Sir Khalifa bin Starub bin Thwain, who succeeded his brother-in-law, Ali bin Hamoud in 1911, after Ali had abdicated.

India is also participating in this postal celebration, being in part a Mohammedan nation, by overprinting contemporary postage stamps, both ordinary and Service, with the words "Al Bu' Said 1363," the date being that of the current year of the Hegira. The series ranges in value from 3 pies to 2 rupees, and it is on sale from November 20 to November 31, 1944.

Illustrated here are two pictorials from a set depicting scenes of agricultural life issued for Spanish Morocco, and a 3c. U.S. stamp commemorating the valiant resistance of Corregidor and adjacent islands to the Japanese.



**Good
Morning**

They are all your Pets, Sailors—and you are theirs too!

For A.B. Sto. Derrick Water-
man — here's a family group
with Nigger and Tiger, not
forgetting the Christmas
puds.



After P.O. Bill Bar-
ton has seen baby
Sandra Anne on the
front page, this is
to remind him of
who is equally in his
thoughts ; and he
in hers.



TWO SMILES
and a happy
pet for
A.B. Walter
Savage



Quins, by the Lord Harry ! And
they are the finest little pets
you ever saw, Stoker Halliday.
They look quads, but one little
devil slipped outa the picture !



And your Auntie, who is here with Uncle Walter,
says, "What about a few more letters, Walter."
(That's YOU), A.B. Savage.

Drop your Mother a line, A.B. Andrew Collins,
for she's telling you that she and the pet in her
arms would like to hear more from you. Don't
these eyes say so ?